

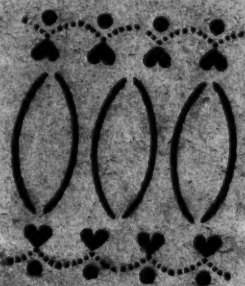
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A FEW WORDS
TO THE SELF
WISE MEN

Of a little petty Town near Stroud,
Touching their late publication

INTITLED THE
Chronicles of the Gothamites.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A little solid advice, which if rightly followed
will effectually cure them of the Sin of lying.



Printed in the Year 1778.

A FEW WORDS

TO THE PRESS

W. J. L. & S. W. E.

Of the press of the town of London

Printing and Publishing

ENTERTAINMENT

Chronicles of the City of London

TO THE PRESS

A little book which will follow
the history of the City of London



Printed in the Year 1848.



Quisquis habet Aurem audiat.



WITHIN these few days I chanced to meet with a small pamphlet called the **CHRONICLES** of the **GOTHAMITES**.

The authors being perhaps in want of a few pence to discharge some lately contracted debts, have blended together a parcel of the most unintelligible stuff, and this they send out into the world, not with any design for the edification and instruction of mankind, but only to answer the purpose of abusing those who have more honesty than themselves.

The following character is most fitting for them.

Fill'd and envenom'd with an envious touch,
Think every thing their neighbour hath, too much :

O Lord say they (*if in the field they be*)

What goodly corn, and well fed beasts hath he

(If in the house) they never in their lives,
 Saw fairer women than their neighbours wives !
 Tis pity she, a lass of such renown,
 Should be embrac'd by so rude a clown :
 That house is too well furnisht, or doth stand
 Better than theirs, it hath finer land :
 And do not care how greatly they dispraise,
 Or how unlikely a report they raise,
 Because they know if't be so false an ill
 That one believes it not, another will :
 And so their envy very seldom fails,
 But one way or other still prevails :
 O villainous conceit ! an engine bent
 To overthrow the truest innocent :
 For well they know when once a slander's sown,
 And that a false report abroad is blown,
 Though they would wipe it out, yet they can
 never,
 Because some scar will stick behind for ever.
 How many in the world now could I name,
 Injurious villains ; that but to defame
 Or spight their neighbour, would their God
 forswear,
 As if they thought that no damnation were ?

(Provided, when they thus their conscience strain,
 It be out of a hatred, or for gain)
 Yea, there be idle thieving Drones a many,
 That have no Virtue, nor will ne'er have any,
 That for their wealth shall highly be respected,
 When honest men (their betters) are neglected:
 And then we also see that most men do
 Impose such worthy titles on them too,
 That such base scum's shall oft intreated be
 With *Good your worship*, and with cap and knee.
 But sure the world is now become a gull,
 To think such scoundrils can be worshipful.
 But in these our days, if that men have riches,
 Though they be Hangmen, or deal with witches;
 It is no shame for rich men in these times,
 For wealth will serve to cover any crimes.

*Thus far at present, and now for a small discourse
 upon the sin of Lying.*

IT is not my design to enter upon a long dissertation upon the sin of lying in general. I suppose my readers will acknowledge lying to be one of the most scandalous sins between man and man; a crime of a deep dye, and of an

extensive nature leading into innumerable sins ; This is a common vice and much in fashion with some of the inhabitants of P——k, witness their pamphlet lately published.

As the conversation of these men is full of emptiness, their words are levity itself, and according to the text, they not only tell untruths, but the truth is not in them. There is not a settl'd awe or reverence of truth upon their minds ; 'tis a thing of no value to them, 'tis not regarded in their discourse, and they give themselves a liberty to be perfectly unconcern'd about the things they say, or the story they tell, whether it be true or false.

This is a most abominable practice on another account, namely, that these men make a jest of heir crime ; they are a sort of people that sin laughing ; that play upon their souls as a man plays upon a fiddle, to make other people dance ; they may be said to make some sport indeed. but it is all at themselves, they are the hearers, comedy, and their own tragedy ; and they will at last say, I have made others merry, but I have been the fool.

I would be glad to shame men of common sense, out of this horrid piece of buffoonery; and one thing I would warn them of, namely, that their learning to lye so currently in story, will insensibly bring them to a bold intrenching upon truth, in the rest of their conversation; the scripture command is, Let every man speak truth unto his neighbour.

Besides, there is a spreading evil in telling a false story as true,* namely, that you put it into the mouths of others, and it continues a brooding forgery to the end of time; 'tis a chimney-corner romance, and has in it this distinguishing article, that whereas parables, and the inventions of men published historically, are once for all related, and the moral being drawn, the history remains allusive only, as it was intended, as in several cases may be instanced within our time; here the case alters, Fraud goes unto the world's end, for story never dies, every relator vouches it for truth, tho' he knows nothing of the matter.

* Witness, the many lies in their Pamphlet.

There-

Therefore O ye men of P——k, let me as a
 friend intreat you to reflect that you are laying
 lasting foundations for handing on the sport of
 lying as you make it, to posterity, not only lea-
 ving the example, but dictating the very mate-
 rials for the practice; and again I say, be per-
 swaded by a friend to leave off this great sin,
 and let not your family lies be handed on from
 father to son, till what you began in forgery
 ends in history, and you make your lies be told
 for truth, by the children that shall come after
 you: and shall it be said,

The P——k men imbib'd what Satan taught,
 The Tutor dictated—the Pupils wrote;
 To them he brought a fresh display,
 Of base detraction in a scoundril lay,
 Drags gentlemen and tradesmen on the stage
 As butts for envys shaft, and party rage.
 Fools giggle at the plan, but men of sense,
 Detest the stupid authors base pretence:
 Old Nick review'd the whole—then gave the hint
 The manuscript appear'd in patent print:

The

The wretched work in deepest malice wrought,
 With great avidity was bought,
 The whole performance cost a groat.

How greatly were the purchasers disappoint-
 ed when they found that they had been buying
 a cargo of scurrility and abuse, part of which
 was distill'd from the Alembic of Doctor S****
 Prolific brain.

The poor mans base insinuation,
 Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation:
 He's like a Glow-worm only brisk at night,
 And seldom can be seen when Sun gives light;
 Ill-tongu'd and envious, ignorant of shame,
 And vile detractor of anothers fame;
 But fellow Christians think upon this evil,
 Know 'tis an instigation of the Devil;
 Remember, 'tis a known apparent foe
 To Charity; and Friendships overthrow;
 A vicious humour that with Hell acquaints,
 And hinders the communion of faints.

The Conclusion.

Repent therefore ye P^{unish}~~un~~ish^{ed} men, be wise,
 Love Truth, and deal no more in lies:

A

A little meditation of your own,
May profit more than all that I have shown:
Be wary then, you that ambitious are,
And to restrain this madness have a care.
Do well survey yourselves, and if you find
Bad thoughts within you, root them from your
mind:
Banish each knowing Fury from your heart:
And, as One wisely counsels, Lay apart
Dissembling, Envy, Slander, Malice, Guile,
With Evil-speaking, as most bad and vile:
Bad actions at last they will deceive you,
But you must have your will to which I
leave you.

Redborough, August 10th. 1778.

F I N I S.